THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 13, 1809.

Description of the Lodgings of the Manager of a Country Theatre.

[From Ryley's Itinerant, or Memoirs of an Actor.]

AN inclination for theatricals was one of my early and predominant propensities. At this time an itinerant company of comedians pitched their tent in the village, laid siege to a barn, and in a few days rendered it (as per bill) fit for the reception of the *nobility* and *gentry* of Saddleworth. This was a glorious incident—now or never, to exhibit my wonderful talents, to astonish, to electrify the object of my choice with my superior attainments.

"Aye, aye! the play's the thing in which I'll catch the affections of Miss K——; at any rate, I can surprise the nobility and gentry of Saddleworth." Full of this idea, I waited on the manager. From the style in which Mr. A——, the Chester manager lived, (the only one I had the most remote knowledge of), I expected at least to be shewn into a decent drawing-room. Judge then my surprise, when, entering a huckster's shop, I was directed up three pair of stairs, or rather two—for the last was a ladder—into a garret, furnished in the following manner:—In one corner stood an unmade bed, without curtains; two chairs, without backs; one armed chair, over which was thrown a gauze petticoat, ornamented with gilt leather, worn on the preceding night by the lady manageress, in Queen Catherine; and who was now condescending to act the washerwoman. In a remote corner of the room, and near the window, stood the great man himself—not in buff, though nearly so—without coat or waistcoat. He wore a garment that once bore the name of shirt, and still gave that idea, from the

dirty ruffles which hung over his still more dirty hands; black velvet small clothes, somewhat rusty; no stockings, but old red Morocco slippers, bound with tarnished gold. The printing press stood by him, at which he plied with such skill and industry, that I thought it almost a pity to interrupt him. As neither the manager nor his lady had perceived my entrance, I stood for some moments contemplating this strange scene. If this be the master's employment, thought I, what must the servants be doing? I now accosted him; and, after apologizing for his dishabille, he entered into conversation, with a degree of wit and spirit, that neither his appearance nor his circumstances seemed to warrant. "You see, Sir, though an *actor*, I am a *holy* man, (pointing to his shirt). Permit me to pun on my own poverty. We players are a set of merry undone dogs; and though we often want the means of *life*, we are seldom without the means of *mirth*. We are philosophers, Sir, and laugh at misfortune; even the ridiculous situations we are sometimes placed in, are more generally the cause of mirth than of misery! Here you see Alexander turned pressman, and Statira up to the elbows in suds." With these lively sallies he continued to amuse me for some time, still attending to his press, and taking off bills with as much alacrity as if brought up to the business.

Having introduced the subject I came upon, enlarged upon my abilities, and stated the great attraction my acting would have—"And so, Sir, you mean to shine forth like a blazing star; and we poor actors shall appear as your satellites," still pulling at the press. "And pray, Sir, in what part do you mean to make your debut?" "Jachimo, in Cymbeline." "Ha! ha! that brings to my mind Bill Watson, the Cheltenham manager; he was once applied to by a silly lad, who, like you, had been bit by some mad actor, and was strangely affected by the spouting mania, to let him play a part. 'What part,' says Watson, 'would you wish to play?' 'Jack Chimo, in Cymbeline, Sir.' 'Hum!' says Watson, flirting his finger, a way he had when he wished to be comical; 'My dear fellow, I wish to indulge you, if possible, but that part is in possession of a very favourite actor, who will not willingly give it up; however, you may, if you please, play Bill Chimo, his brother, in the same piece.' Ha! ha! ha!" I joined in the laugh, though I did not altogether relish his placing me upon a level with the silly spouter. "Sir, your request shall be complied with; the play is up, my wife is a very capital Imogen; I do Posthumous, and my two sons, who are now delivering out the bills, play Belarius and the king; so you see all the principal parts are ready, except Cloten, which is a *double*, you know, Sir, with Imogen." "Excuse me, Sir, if I confess my ignorance of your theatrical terms; what do you mean by a double?"

double?" "Why, Sir, when the company is thin, and one actor is obliged to do two parts, we call that a *double;* so, as I was saying, my wife doubles Cloten with Imogen." Seeing me smile, he added, "She is, I assure you, a very fine breeches figure. And now, Sir, how would you wish to be announced? —The part of Jachimo, in large letters, by a *young gentleman,* being his first appearance on *any stage;* will that do, Sir? "Perfectly." Preliminaries being thus settled, I took my leave of this merry son of Thespis and his wife.

On my way home, I reflected on the eccentricity of the scene I had just witnessed, and knew not how to assimilate such opposite characters, as the printer and player, the tragedy queen and the washerwoman. Oh what a falling off was here, to what I looked for, in the life of a player! I was led to suppose that applause and profit went hand in hand; that those who were so much caressed in the evening, if they did not fare sumptuously the next day, at least enjoyed the necessary comforts of it. My ambition for a truncheon began to cool; however, I determined to keep my word with the manager."

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 63.

TO THE EDITOR.

Gaudia post luctus veniunt, post gaudia luctus.

OVID.

OF all nations of the earth, our's probably is the most addicted to despondency. A gloomy day frequently overcomes the stoutest heart, and wraps it in the mantle of melancholy—inducing it, at the same time, to forget the truth of my motto, that "after joy comes sorrow, and after sorrow, joy." Surely if those opposite sensations are of short duration, philosophy should stimulate us to meet each extreme with a due sense of moderation; so that we should neither (according to Horace's advice) be too much puffed up by the one, or depressed by the other. During the campaign in Spain, the effects of these passions have been so immoderately conspicuous in the language and countenances of all dabblers in politics, that I could not possibly (as a man of reflection and observation) pass it by unnoticed. The unexpected changes (I grant ye) have been almost without a parallel. But what then? Shall a nation, such as *England,* suffer a few passing clouds to obscure the lofty temple of *freedom?* That *temple,* in which the *spirit of patriotism* administers courage and consolation to

the heroes of the island? Oh! forbid it, all that's brave and noble! Rather *(should* we receive a temporary check, which, I trust in providence we never shall), rather let us spring from the couch of grief, seize the sword of vengeance, whilst the voice of *resolution* proclaims to the utmost confines of the world, that—

" Britons never will be slaves!!"

Methinks, Mr. Editor, I am getting somewhat warm; I shall therefore take the liberty of descending from the stilts of ambition, to pad it away in the humble paths of reflection—I mean, reflection of a nature less congenial to the bosom of the warrior.

What says the prince of poets—Cowper?

" 'Tis pleasant thro' the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends thro' all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear."

Ah! truly so! and long may that lot be mine! Young as I am, the world and its sins and follies are too well known to me. I have beheld the progress of error in a vast variety of shapes; and though I have ever disapproved of it in each and every of its metamorphoses, yet conscience bids me confess that I have too often run counter to the dictates of my heart.

" *Video meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor.*"

" I see the right, and I approve it too—
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

Not even a half hour has elapsed, since I was an example of the propriety of this assertion, as it regards the primary subject of my letter. Could you have peeped over my shoulder, Mr. Editor, you would have seen me stretched out in a large nursing chair, having my eyes closed, and voraciously devouring the tops of both thumbs. And had I been a pair of stockings, or a pair of breeches (it matters not *which* or *what)* so that you might have turned me " inside out," you would have beheld a mind as dark as Erebus, and as destitute of hope as of light. In this dolorous quondary, the muse, after much pulling and tugging, contrived to lug the following sonnet out of my idea-pot. But before I transcribe it, let me tell you that I'm *now* as brisk as a bee, and could (if I thought proper) write an anacreontic, sing a song, dance a jig, or scrape the fiddle. In short I feel not a single sensation, described in the

aforesaid

aforesaid sonnet; though at the time I composed it, I began to hum the forlorn ditty of

"Let us all be unhappy together."

Now for it, then! and, I pray you, get ready your handkerchief; and, as you value the indignation of a bard, let it be thoroughly steeped in tears.

A SONNET,

Occasioned by the author's wearing a young lady's broach; composed, extempore, on his returning it.

Adieu! thou glittering toy! Once more return
To love's soft throne! the bosom of the fair!
No fires, like mine, in that calm station burn;
No wild despair breeds endless horrors there.

Ah tell thy mistress—tell her (should she prove
A victim to the guileful archer's powers)
May Heaven with blessings crown her vows of love,
And strew, thro' Hymen's paths, contentment's flowers!

Adieu thou glittering toy! but ere we part,
Let one sad tear embalm thee—from the spring,
Not of *slight sorrow*—but a *broken heart*—
Pierc'd—deeply pierc'd by falsehood's venom'd sting.

Perhaps Maria may the offering see,
And shed—unseen—a kindred drop for *me.*

Your's, Mr. Editor,
Quite out of breath,

X.

ERRATUM.—Page 124, line 36, for "A pair of *breeches,*" the *ladies* are requested to read "A pair of *small-clothes.*"

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THERE is much elegance and novelty in the construction of both morning and evening robes at this season. By such females as are fond of the extremes of fashion, the waist is frightfully increased in length, but the most elegant women do not exceed a becoming medium. The bosoms and fronts of robes are generally much ornamented. The morning robe is formed

formed of white muslin, let in with lace beading in various fanciful forms in front of the bust.

For full-dress, gowns of cloth, velvet, and satin, are most in request at this season; though brocade sarsnet and muslin, and net over satin, blend with the elegant variety. The construction of those robes are various, some in velvet and fine imperial cloth, are bordered alternately with borders of chenille in embroidery; others are ornamented with gold or silver lace, with clasps and fringe to correspond; others are trimmed entirely with fine lace in antique.

Scarlet robes are rather on the decline, or at best only belonging to the intermediate style of decoration, as does also the half kerchief for the hair. Jewellery is much worn in the hair by those ladies whose redundant tresses reject the cap; which latter article belongs (in full dress) exclusively to ladies advanced in years; these are generally formed of velvet, gold and silver tissue, or lace interspersed with satin or velvet. The necklace, or chain, is worn short, and the bracelet broad.

The most genteel colours are Saragossa brown, Spanish fly, purple, and gold colour; although scarlet and morone are very general.

Gloves and shoes admit of no remark since our last communication.

Elegant Tribute of Respect to the Memory of the much-lamented Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K. B.

By his Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK.

THE ARMY.

GENERAL ORDERS.

THE benefits derived to our army from the example of a distinguished commander, do not terminate at his death: his virtues live in the recollection of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions.

In this view, the commander in chief, amidst the deep and universal regret which the death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore has occasioned, recalls to the troops the military career of that illustrious officer for their instruction and imitation.

Sir John Moore, from his youth, embraced the profession with the feelings and sentiments of a soldier; he felt, that a perfect knowledge, and an exact performance of the humble

but

but important duties of a subaltern officer, are the best foundations for subsequent military fame; and his ardent mind, while it looked forward to those brilliant achievements for which it was formed, applied itself, with energy and exemplary assiduity, to the duties of that station.

In the school of regimental duty, he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced on others.

Having risen to command, he signalised his name in the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt. The unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the duties of every branch of his profession, obtained him the confidence of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and he became the companion in arms of that illustrious officer, who fell at the head of his victorious troops, in an action which maintained our national superiority over the arms of France.

Thus Sir John Moore at an early period obtained, with general approbation, that conspicuous station, in which he gloriously terminated his useful and honourable life.

In a military character, obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any one point as a preferable subject for praise: it exhibits, however, one feature so particularly characteristic of the man, and so important to the best interests of the service, that the commander in chief is pleased to mark it with his peculiar approbation.

The life of Sir John Moore was spent among the troops.

During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and soldier; in war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him, the post of honour, and by his undaunted spirit, and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory.

His country, the object of his latest solicitude, will rear a monument to his lamented memory; and the commander in chief feels he is paying the best tribute to his fame by thus holding him forth as an example to the army.

By order of his royal highness the commander in chief,

(Signed) HARRY CALVERT, Adjutant-General.

Horse-Guards, February 1, 1809.

Interesting Account of the last Days and Death of Richard II. King of England, in 1399.

(Continued from Page 111.)

RICHARD was shut up in the tower of London, where he saw only his enemies. Lancaster forced him to receive the duke of York, and the earl of Rutland, his son. When they were announced, "They have betrayed me, (cried Richard), spare me from seeing them:" while he was speaking, they entered, and overheard him. The earl of Rutland walked up to him, his hat on, gave him the lie, and threw his hat upon the ground to defy him: an action, as cowardly then, as it would have been rash before Richard's fall. "It is too much, (said the king), to be at once a traitor and insolent." Lancaster reproached and menaced the earl of Rutland, prohibiting him to speak to the king, from an idea, that it was necessary still to dupe him, in order to obtain an abdication of the throne, apparently voluntarily. "Am I your king or your prisoner, and why am I thus guarded?" said Richard to the duke of Lancaster. "Sire, your are my king, (he replied), but the council of the realm has ordered, that you should be thus guarded." Richard demanded the queen, his wife. "You cannot see her, (said Lancaster), the council has prohibited it." Richard appealed to the laws of chivalry, and offered to fight singly against four of his accusers, or oppressors.* Lancaster made no reply to this proposition, and begged him only to wait the decision of parliament. "Well then, (he said), let me appear at least in this parliament, and let them hear my reasons." Lancaster, without entering into any explanations on this head, contented himself with answering, "Sire, they will do you justice."

The manuscript does not say, as many historians, that he signed by will or compulsion any act of abdication.

The parliament assembled, September 30, 1399. Lancaster accused Richard, and he was condemned without being heard. The bishop of Carlisle alone dared to raise his voice in his favour. "What, my Lords," he said, "will you hear a malefactor or an assasin in his defence, and refuse to hear your king, and dare to condemn him." The argument was incontrovertible, and the tyrant sensibly felt it; thus his *reply* was, an order to the marshal to arrest the bishop and convey him to prison, for having been guilty of high treason, in defending the cause of majesty in King Richard. The unfortunate prince was deposed, and Henry of Lancaster proclaimed.

* His conduct in the affair of Wat Tyler, proves that he could be brave.

"The sentence of Richard was, that Richard of Bourdeaux, who had been called king of England, should be condemned to a royal prison; that he should have the best bread, wine, and meat, which could be purchased for gold or silver: and if any attempt should be made to rescue him, he should be the first who died."

This last word was the signal of death. He was conspired against by a plot,* apparently in his favour, without his knowledge. For want of Richard, they exhibited to the people one of his chaplains (esquires, says the M. S.) named *Maudlin* or *Magdelain*, who resembled the prince in shape and figure. They began by spreading a murmur, that Richard was delivered from prison, and when they thought they had got the public mind on their side, they appointed a tournament at Oxford, whither they proposed to train Henry, in order to imprison or assassinate him. The earl of Rutland, who had flattered, and afterwards betrayed successively the duke of Gloucester, and Richard II. and who was then flattering Henry IV. in order to deceive him, was at the head of this conspiracy. One day being at dinner with the duke of York, his father, he received a mysterious paper, which he appeared to conceal with care: it was talked of, and he betrayed emotion. The duke wished to see the paper, and took it by force from his son. It was the plan of the conspiracy, and the list of the conspirators. "Traitor, (he cried) you well know that I am bail for you, and that I have pledged my person and property for you in parliament: I see well, that you wish me out of the way, but by Saint John, I had rather that you were hanged, than myself."

Immediately he mounted his horse, to acquaint the king; the earl of Rutland anticipated him to obtain pardon. The conspirators, knowing that the two princes were with the king, and thinking they had nothing more to contrive, invested Maudlin with the insignia of royalty. A party among the people thought or wished to think, that he was the king: they found in this chaplain all the graces of Richard, who had sufficient to disguise his faults, and who was sufficiently unfortunate to excite commiseration. The conspirators, intending to surprise Henry at Windsor, were themselves surprised at Cirencester, by the mayor of the town, who conquered and made the principal leaders prisoners. The earl of Salisbury was killed in the battle; the earl of Rutland, who had been unable to join the conspirators, took the resolution of fighting them; and he was beheld, with indignation, carrying upon the point of a lance, the head of Lord Spencer, his brother in law and accomplice, and basely presenting it to Henry, whom he would

* This is most inconsistent with what follows.

have served in the same manner, if the tournament at Oxford had taken place.

The unfortunate Richard, closely guarded in the castle of Pontefract, did not long survive a conspiracy of which he was ignorant. Some historians say, that he killed himself: others, that he died of hunger; many that he was assassinated by order of Henry, but defended himself courageously and sold his life dear. The story of these last is confirmed by the manuscript. A knight, named Pierre d'Extron or Exton, sent by Henry, arrived at Pontefract, with seven other assassins. Richard was at table; Exton called the squire carver, and informed him on the part of Henry, that he was not, according to custom, to take the essay of the dishes served at Richard's table, "for (said he) he will eat no more." Richard perceived that the squire neglected this ceremonial, and ordered him to do it. The squire fell on his knees, and told him the prohibition, which Exton had just given on the part of Henry. Richard lost his patience: he struck the squire with the knife which he held in his hand; crying with rage, "Go to the devil, you and your Lancaster!" Exton rushed in at the noise with his seven men armed, as well as himself: at sight of them, Richard pushed away the table, darted into the midst of the eight assassins, wrenched a battle-axe from one of them, used it with success against them, overthrew four at his feet, and began to intimidate many of the others, when Exton attacking him behind, struck him a blow on the head, which brought him down. The king then begged mercy of God, and Exton gave him another blow. Thus died the noble King Richard, without confession, an event much to be regretted. [It was deemed a disgrace, hence the mournful expression of the author.]—See M. Paris, 279, 511.

Exton himself appeared terrified with his crime; he sat down by the body, and begun to weep, saying, "Alas! what have we done? we have put to death him who was our sovereign lord for twenty-two years; I have lost my honour; I shall never go into any country without being reproached."

The modern historians who have adopted the opinion that Richard died of hunger, rest upon a circumstance which has often proved deceitful. It is the exposure of the body in St. Paul's church, without any mark of violence. But, besides, in like cases, the knowledge how to manage appearances, and the exposure of the corpse, surrounded by guards to the view, not examination of the public; our manuscript says, that the real object of this exposure was only to satisfy the public, that Richard was actually dead. Richard was assassinated on the day of kings anno 1400. Those of his friends who had been taken, whether in battle or their flight, were given up to divers punishments. The manuscript is very copious in these

melancholy

melancholy details: and the *naiveté* of the old language seems to diminish the horror and augment the interest which they excite. Among these noble victims of fidelity to Richard, were Sir Thomas Blount, and the earl of Huntingdon, half-brother of Richard.

Sir Thomas Blount, and a companion, named Benedict Selly, were dragged from Oxford to the place of execution, for more than a league: they were then hanged, the cords almost instantly cut, and they were made to speak, and seated upon a bench before a large fire. The executioner came, with a razor in his hand, threw himself at the knees of Sir Thomas Blount, whose hands were tied and begged his forgiveness for the execution of his office. Sir Thomas then asked him, "Are you he, who are to deliver me from this world?" "Yes," (replied the executioner), and added, "Sir, I beg you will pardon me," and Sir Thomas kissed and forgave him. The executioner kneeled down, and Sir Thomas prepared himself; the former then made an incision on the belly, cut off the entrails just below the stomach, tied them in a knot with a string, on purpose that the ventricle of the heart might not entirely cease, and threw the entrails into the fire.† Then Sir Thomas le Blount was seated before the fire, his belly open, and saw his entrails burn before him. And Sir Thomas d'Arpeghen, chamberlain of King Henry, insulting Blount's misfortune, dared to say to him with a sneer, "Go and seek a master who can cure you." Instead of making any answer, Blount clasped his hands, saying, "*Te Deum Laudamus*," and blessed the hour when he was born, and that very day, "for I shall die, (he said), in the service of my sovereign lord, the noble King Richard."

Arpeghen wished him to reveal the accomplices of his treason, "These words, (he said), of traitor and treason belong to you, and the infamous Rutland: by you two is destroyed today the noble chivalry of England: I summon you both before the face of Jesus Christ, for the great treason, that between you both you have made against our sovereign lord, the noble King Richard." The executioner then asked him, if he wished to drink. He answered "No, you have taken from me the place where I ought to put that: thanks to God, they are my bowels which burn." Afterwards he begged the executioner to release him from this world, saying, it distresses me to look at these traitors, who are present. The executioner then kneeled before him, and kissed him very humbly, and immediately afterwards his head was cut off, and he was quartered.

† This is badly expressed in the manuscript.

As to the earl of Huntingdon, he fled into the county of Essex; but on passing through a small town, which belonged to the countess of Hereford, sister of the late earl of Arundel, was recognized, and taken into custody. The countess sent tidings of this event to Henry, and begged him to send to her the young earl of Arundel, her nephew, that he might come and enjoy the revenge which she meant to take of the man, to whose councils she chiefly attributed the death of her brother, which was, in fact, to be rather imputed to the information of the earl of Nottingham. Young Arundel came; he loaded Huntingdon with reproaches; the countess assembled the peasants, her vassals, to the number of eight thousand; she delivered to them the earl of Huntingdon, bound and corded, ordering them to cut him in pieces; the unhappy man solicited mercy, representing to them, that he had never done them any harm; and except the countess and the earl of Arundel, all the others much pitied him. The countess was enraged: "Cursed be you all for a set of villains," she cried, "you have not courage enough to put a man to death."

A squire then presented himself for this office, with his battle axe in his hand; but he was so affected with the tender complaints of Huntingdon, that he trembled with fear, and returned to the lady, weeping, and said, "Madam, for all the gold in the world, I cannot put the duke* to death." "Then," said the lady to him, "you shall do what you have engaged to do, or I will cut off your head." And when he heard that, he was so terribly affrighted, that he did not know what to do, and said, "Sir, I beg your pardon, forgive me your death." He then elevated the battle-axe, and struck him such a blow upon the shoulder, that he made him fall, with his face upon the ground. The noble duke leaped upon his feet, exclaiming, "Alas! man, why did you do what you have done? for God (God's sake) deliver me speedily." Afterwards he gave him eight blows upon the shoulder, for he could not aim aright at the neck or head, and the ninth blow was on the neck, and then spoke the good duke, brother of the noble King Richard, "Alas! my dear friend, have mercy upon me, and deliver me." The *womanish tormentor* then cut his throat with a knife, in order to separate the head from the body, and thus died the noble duke.

Maudlin was also taken, and carried to London; he asked the mayor, "Shall I be quartered?" "No, no," answered the mayor, "but you will have your head cut off." Then Maudlin thanked God for dying in the service of his sovereign lord, King Richard.

The

* He was created duke of Exeter by Richard.

The bishop of Carlisle was released, after about a year's imprisonment, with the loss of his see, and died rector of Toddenham, in the county of Gloucester.†

The editor has treated this manuscript with much judgment. Events on both sides have the colouring of party, but the main facts, as appears from hints and jejune facts, in contemporary historians, were certainly the news of the day. Richard's *young* wife, quite a child, may appear surprising, without the explication of a very common custom, from the remotest antiquity. To prevent indiscreet attachments, the children of the great were contracted by a solemn ceremony, called *fiancels*, at a very early period, borrowed from the Roman *sponsalia*, but no cohabitation ensued 'till the marriage, a *second* ceremony at a suitable age. This has been illustrated by Mr. Douce, &c.

† This is a mistake.

MATRIMONY REVERSED.

An Account of Metelin, the ancient Lesbos.

By the EARL of CHARLEMONT.

THE women here seem to have arrogated to themselves the department and privileges of the men. Contrary to the usage of all other countries, the eldest daughter here inherits, and the sons, like daughters every where else, are portioned off with small dowers, or, which is still worse, turned out, pennyless, to seek their fortunes.

If a man has two daughters, the eldest, at her marriage, is entitled to all her mother's possessions, which are by far the greater part of the family estate, as the mother, keeping up her prerogative, never parts with the power over any portion of what she has brought into the family, until she is forced into it by the marriage of her daughter; and the father also is compelled to ruin himself, by adding whatever he may have scraped together by his industry.

The second daughter inherits nothing, and is condemned to perpetual celibacy. She is stiled a calogria, which signifies properly a religious woman or nun, and is, in effect, menial servant to her sister, being employed by her in any office she may think fit to impose, frequently serving her as waiting-maid, as cook, and often in employments still more degrading. She wears a habit peculiar to her situation, which she can never change; a sort of monastic dress, coarse, and of dark brown. One advantage, however, she enjoys over her sister, that

whereas

whereas the elder, before her marriage, is never allowed to go abroad, or to see any man, her nearest relations only excepted, the calogria, except when employed in domestic toil, is in this respect as perfect liberty. But when the sister is married, the situation of the poor calogria becomes desperate indeed, and is rendered still more humiliating by the comparison between her condition and that of her happy mistress.

The married sister enjoys every sort of liberty—the whole family fortune is her's, and she spends it as she pleases; her husband is her obsequious servant; her father and mother are dependant upon her; she dresses in the most magnificent manner, covered all over, according to the fashion of the island, with pearls and with pieces of gold, which are commonly sequins; thus continually carrying about her the enviable marks of affluence and superiority; while the wretched calagoria follows her as a servant, arrayed in simple homespun brown, and without the most distant hope of ever changing her condition.

Such a disparity may seem intolerable; but what will not custom reconcile? Neither are the misfortunes of the family yet at an end—the father and mother, with what little is left them, contrive by their industry to accumulate a second little fortune, and this, if they should have a third daughter, they are obliged to give to her upon her marriage, and the fourth, if there should be one, becomes her calogria; and so on through all the daughters alternately.

Whenever the daughter is marriageable, she can by custom compel the father to procure her a husband; and the mother, such is the power of habit, is foolish enough to join in teazing him into an immediate compliance, though its consequences must be equally fatal and ruinous to both of them. From hence it happens, that nothing is more common than to see the old father and mother reduced to the utmost indigence, and even begging about the streets, while their unnatural daughters are in affluence; and we ourselves have frequently been shewn the eldest daughter parading it through the town in the greatest splendour, while her mother and sister followed her as servants, and made a melancholy part of her attendant train.

The sons, as soon as they are of an age to gain a livelihood, are turned out of the family, sometimes with a small present or portion, but more frequently without any thing to support them; and thus reduced, they either endeavour to live by their labour, or, which is more usual, go on board some trading vessels as sailors or as servants, remaining abroad 'till they have got together some competency, and then return home to marry and to be hen-pecked. Some few there are who, taking advantage of the Turkish law, break through this whimsical custom,

who

who marry their calogrias, and retain to themselves a competent provision; but these are accounted men of a singular and even criminal disposition, and are hated and despised as conformists to the Turkish manners, and deserters of their native customs; so that we may suppose there are few indeed who have the boldness to depart from the manners of their country to adopt the customs of their detested masters, and to brave the contempt, the derision, and the hatred, of their neighbours and fellow-citizens.

Of all these extraordinary particulars I was informed by the French consul, a man of sense and of indisputable veracity, who had resided in this island for several years, and who solemnly assured me that every circumstance was true; but, indeed, our own observation left us without the least room to doubt, and the singular appearance and deportment of the ladies fully evinced the truth of our friend's relation. In walking through the town, it is easy to perceive, from the whimsical manners of the female passengers, that the women, according to the vulgar phrase, wear the breeches. They frequently stopped us in the streets, examined our dress, interrogated us with a bold and manly air, laughed at our foreign garb and appearance, and shewed as little attention to that decent modesty, which is, or ought to be, the true characteristic of the sex, that there is every reason to suppose they would, in spite of their haughtiness, be the kindest ladies upon earth, if they were not strictly watched by the Turks, who are here very numerous, and would be ready to punish any transgression of their ungallant laws with arbitrary fines. But nature and native manners will often baffle the efforts even of tyranny.

In all their customs, these manly ladies seem to have changed sexes with the men. The woman rides astride—the man sits sideways upon the horse. Nay, I have been assured that the husband's distinguished appellation is his wife's family name. The women have town and country houses, in the management of which the husband dares not interfere. Their gardens, their servants, are all their own; and the husband, from every circumstance of his behaviour, appears to be no other than his wife's first domestic, perpetually bound to her service, and slave to her caprice. Hence it is that a tradition obtains in the country, that this island was formerly inhabited by Amazons, a tradition, however, founded upon no ancient history that I know of. Sappho, indeed, the most renowned female that this island has ever produced, is said to have had manly inclinations, in which, as Lucian informs us, she did but conform with the singular manners of her country-women; but I do not find that the mode in which she chose to shew these inclinations is imitated by the present female inhabitants, who seem perfectly content with the dear prerogative of absolute

sway, without endeavouring in any other particular to change the course of nature; yet will this circumstance serve to shew that the women of Lesbos had always something peculiar, and even peculiarly masculine, in their manners and propensities. But be this as it may, it is certain that no country whatsoever can afford a more perfect idea of an Amazonian commonwealth, or better serve to render probable those ancient relations which our manners would induce us to esteem incredible, than this island of Metelin.

FOR THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

DEVONIAN PEASANT.

MR. EDITOR,

READING lately the travels of Captain Croker in Spain and Portugal, I met with the following passage: "In a wretched Portuguese hut (says this lively writer) I acquired some useful knowledge. As the confined smoke of the *green wood fire* was intolerably painful to the eyes, I observed that the inhabitants of the hut placed their faces very near the fire; and, making the experiment, I found that the inconvenience was scarcely felt, when in that situation." See Croker's Travels, p. 245. This passage reminded me of "*the Devonian Peasant*," whose attitude is thus described in Mr. Polwhele's "Influence of Local Attachment."

> "Where rich Devonia boasts her greener hills,
> And cliffs that redden o'er the billowy swell,
> And vallies water'd by a thousand rills
> (While vainly flames pale Sirius) could I tell
> The homely blessings that endear the dell;
> Such as attach'd a simple peasant, frore
> With age, whose features I remember well,
> *Bending* with fragrant pipe, on lime-asht floor
> To crackling ashen blaze and fall of abbey-lore."
>
> NEW EDIT. p. 65.

There seems a propriety in the attitude of the Devonian peasant—of which, perhaps, the author himself was not aware.

CRITO.

Chinese Method of raising Fruit Trees.

THE Chinese, instead of raising their fruit-trees from seeds or grafts, as is the practice in Europe, adopt the following

ing method:—they select a branch fit for the purpose, and round it they wind a rope of straw besmeared with cow-dung, until a ball is formed five or six times the diameter of the branch. Immediately under this ball, they divide the bark down to the wood, for nearly two-thirds of the circumference of the branch. A cocoa-nut shell, or small pot, is hung over the ball, with a hole in its bottom, so small that water put into it will only fall in drops. By this the rope is kept constantly moist, a circumstance necessary to the easy admission of the young roots.

In about three weeks it it supposed that some of the roots have struck into the rope, when the remainder of the bark is cut, and the former incision carried deeper into the wood; it is repeated in three weeks more. In about two months the roots are seen intersecting each other on the surface of the ball, which is a sign that they are sufficiently advanced to admit of the separation of the branch from the tree, which is done by sawing at the incision, taking care not to cut off the rope, which by this time is rotten, and the branch is planted as a young tree.

It is probable that a month longer would be necessary for the operation in England, from the difference of climate; but by this means, when the branches are large, three or four years are sufficient to bring them to a state of full bearing. Timber-trees, it is supposed, may be advantageously propagated in the same manner.

An ANECDOTE.

THE late much respected Sir Richard Hill carried his consideration for his servants and domestic animals, particularly his horses, to a degree not very common at the present day. It is a fact, that after being set down at the house of commons, his duty as a member of which he very regularly attended, if the weather either was or threatened to be bad, he would direct his coachman to return immediately; and rather than keep his domestics and horses exposed to its vicissitudes, he would himself brave its inclemency, at all hours, and walk home, though the distance was considerable.

A QUESTION, *by John Rowden, Jun. of Heytesbury, Wilts*

THERE is a globe of dry oak, which being put into common water, there will be 2076,65,686 cubic inches unimmerged? Query, the globe's diameter?

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to J. Melbuish's Rebus, inserted the 19th of December.

OH ENGLAND! fam'd for science, arts, and arms,
Long may'st thou shun destructive war's alarms!
May commerce flourish round thy sea-girt isle,
Whilst ardent freedom ever deigns to smile!

† Similar answers have been received from S. Duck, and F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Ball, at Everhot school; W. Kent, near Camelford; and T. Whicker, of Exeter.

Answer, by J. Melbuish, of Honiton, to W. D. Champion's Rebus, inserted the 19th of December.

IF the little rogue Cupid should e'er throw a dart,
And inflict a deep wound in my poor throbbing heart;
Oh may the fair damsel be mine then for ever,
Nor let the fiend discord our TRUE-LOVE-KNOT sever!
It shall be cemented by Hymen's firm band,
And may I receive her dear heart with her hand!

☞ A similar answer has been received from H. B. of Bridgewater; S. Duck, and F. Arden, of South Petherton; John Woodman, of North Curry; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; and G. S. of Egg Buckland.

A CHARADE, *by G. S. of Egg Buckland.*

A Colour, Sirs, must first be sought;
Part of my whole explain:
When both are join'd, gents. as they ought,
A poet you'll obtain.

A REBUS, *by T——es.*

IF from me one half of a star should depart,
Then part of a circle I presently start;
But if from me one half of a fish you retain,
You then will discover a star will remain;
When entire, I am us'd in some parts of my dress,
But how, and in what parts, I must not express.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. Champion, near Bridgewater.*

MY sullen first, as heathen records feign,
With sov'reign sway rules o'er th' infernal realm;
Where sinners, with excruciating pain,
And cruel tortures he doth overwhelm.

The guilty wretch who, in the prime of life,
Dies by my second, for some murd'rous act,
Would surely stay his hand, and drop the knife,
Did he but think with torments he'll be rack'd.

There, where my whole doth rage with frantic ire,
With never-ceasing mis'ry to remain;
Amidst the sulphurs of Tartarean fire,
To suffer endless and incessant pain.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines written during a dark and tempestuous Night.

NOW night and darkness awful reign,
And horror broods o'er all the scene;
'Tis tumult all throughout the air,
While thunders roll and lightnings glare.

See now, from yonder bursting cloud,
The howling tempest roars aloud;
Conflicting elements engage,
And fierce in direful battle rage.
Tremendous sweeps the yelling blast,
While men affrighted stand aghast:
Weak nature sinks beneath the storm
That doth the face of things deform.

How darken'd is the spacious sky!
And not a star appears on high;
No gleam of light illumes the pole,
While undescried the planets roll.
See how the meteors, blazing bright,
Flash thro' the gloomy shades of night;
And darting quick a vivid ray,
Which gives to night a transient day.

Ye howling winds forbear your sweep,
Nor thus convulse the lab'ring deep;
No more, ye hailstones! be ye hurl'd,
Nor desolate the trembling world:
But fiercer still the lightnings blaze,
The dreadful cracks still more amaze!
The rended clouds, with floods of rain,
Spread deluge o'er the flow'ry plain;
The rattling hail with force descends,
And ruin on its course attends.
See tow'ring trees that long have stood,
Outbrav'd the storm and rushing flood:
Rent by the livid stream—now stand
Unbark'd without a human hand.

How hapless must the trav'ller be,
Or sailor on the raging sea,
Amidst this horrid scene to roam,
Far distant from his native home:
Whilst raves the tempest thro' the sky,
The thunders roll, and lightnings fly.
Now each sweet scene he left behind
Is painted on his anxious mind:
And ah! he prays, with heart sincere,
That Heav'n would mercifully hear,
And hush the storm, its anger cease,
And bring him to his home in peace.

Now, atheist, midst the dreadful sound,
While nature trembles all around:

Does

Does not a thought thy breast inform?
Sure 'tis a God commands the storm.
Yes; yes; 'tis an almighty hand,
Controuls the ocean and the land;
That wakes the thunder's awful sound,
And bids the lightnings blaze around;
Darts clatt'ring hail with terror down,
Or bids the rain the vallies drown;
And as his voice the storms command,
They're guided by his mighty hand;
And when he bids the rage subside,
Hush'd is the whirlwind, calm the tide;
Bright shines the sun with cheerful ray,
And chases night and fear away;
The fields are gay, the birds rejoice,
And wakes afresh each tuneful voice;
And ev'ry hill and vale around
The praise of nature's God resound.

South Petherton. S. DUCK.

Lines written after reading an Account of the Progress of the French in Spain, with my Child sitting beside me.

CURSE on the ruthless rage of war,
That violates each social feeling!
The reckless sword, the reeking spear,
That strike the prostrate, and the kneeling!

Ah! could I bear to see my child suspended
Upon the lance of some relentless Gaul?
Her helpless hands in suppliant form extended?
Or hear her accents on her father call
For succour, which in vain he strives to give?
Death do thy work first--let me cease to live!

That beaming eye which speaks, in accents mild,
The soul affectionate; the enchanting smile
Of infant innocence, thou lovely child!
My dreary hours of sorrow oft beguile.

My fancy fond looks forwards with delight,
And views thee ent'ring on life's busy stage;
Pourtrays thee virtuous, happy, to my sight,
The stay and comfort of my waning age:
Expects thee by my bed of death to stand,
And close my eye-lids with thy tender hand.

And could I see thy form and features bland
The hapless victim of war's murderous strife?
Cropp'd like a flower beneath the gath'rer's hand,
While yet thou ling'rest on the verge of life!
Forbid it Heaven! Thou Ruler of the Skies!
That shed their influence on this world below,
Resume thy pow'r! Oh Lord of Hosts arise!
And let thine arm avert the impending blow.
Launch thou thy thunder at the impious head
That wakes the world to war, and strike the rebel dead.

Chelwood. J. D.